

THE CHILD TO THE FATHER

Father, it's your love that safely guides me,
Always it's around me, night and day,
It shelters me, and soothes, but never
chides me.
Yet, father, there's a shadow in my way,
All the day, my father, I am playing
Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart—
But often just at night when I am praying
I feel this awful hunger in my heart.
Father, there is something—it has missed me,
I've felt it through my little days and
years;
And even when you petted me and kissed me,
I've cried myself to sleep with burning
tears.

To-day I saw a child and mother walking,
I caught a gentle shining in her eye,
And music in her voice when she was talk-
ing—
Oh, father, is it that that makes me cry?
Oh, never can I put my arms around her,
Or never cuddle closer in the night;
Mother, oh, my mother—I've not found
her—
I look for her and cry from dark to light!

—Robert Bridges, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.His Friend,
The EnemyBy WILLIAM WALLACE COOK
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of
Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"We are quartered across the hall. After Col. Dingle got into such a predicament we could do no less than help him out of it. While you and your fellow townsmen were wrangling in the office, I left by a rear stairway and a rear door and had the liverman saddle and make ready the horse you rode over from Harmony last night. The animal was hitched near the building you propose to use for a courthouse. When Col. Dingle escaped from the room the coast was comparatively clear, as nearly all the inhabitants were at the hotel. For that reason he had no difficulty in getting away. In my haste I lost my bracelet and did not discover that it was gone until the angry citizens came flocking up the stairs. Then, of course, it was too late to recover it. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Herbert, for proceeding so secretly in the matter. You had seen that bracelet before and you knew who the owner of it must be, so you had only to raise your voice and direct the whole pack against us. We're grateful, aren't we, Lois?"

"Very," said Miss Pinkney in a constrained voice.

"You are under no obligation to me," returned Guy. "The account is more than balanced by your kindness of last night, Miss Vlandingham."

At this juncture Guy heard some one coming up the stairs three steps at a time.

"Quick!" he murmured; replace your veils."

Miss Pinkney's hands trembled as she once more folded the gray covering across her face. But there was no trace of alarm in the actions of Miss Betty. She was as cool and self-possessed as though presiding at some social function in her own town of Harmony.

Barely were the fair faces covered when Sampson burst into the parlor. He stopped short on beholding the ladies and evidenced some confusion.

"What do you want, Sampson?" asked Guy.

"The Colonel wants to see you, Mr. Herbert, and in a tearing hurry."

Guy turned to give a parting salute to the ladies, but Miss Betty extended her hand. As he took the little palm in his she whispered:

"As a friend, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Mr. Herbert; but as an enemy—I defy you! Do not be too sentimental nor over-chivalrous. Remember, I am here in the interests of Harmony and that it is your duty to look out for Concord."

With that he turned away and Guy followed Sampson out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

Col. Keever was tremendously wrought up. He was pacing the restricted limits of his office and tossing his arms and talking to himself, so wrathfully oblivious of his surroundings that he did not notice the entrance of Guy and Sampson for several moments.

Occasionally the Colonel would halt, glower at a copy book fastened to the wall, shake his fist at it and address it by such terms as "infernal scoundrel," "contemptible cur," and so on. Finally he jerked the book from the wall, cast it on the floor and set his heel on the sheets that were strung upon it.

"Great guns, Colonel," cried Sampson, "you're spoiling about a dozens stickfuls of copy."

"Oh, is it you, Sampson?" said the Colonel, whirling. "Mr. Herbert, I want a word with you, sir." He picked up the book with its attached sheets and handed it to the printer. "Go out and get to work on that," he said, shortly. Sampson vanished into the workroom forthwith. "How long have you been in this office, Mr. Herbert?" asked the Colonel.

"About two minutes," replied Guy. "Then you witnessed my ebullition of wrath, sir, and I beg your pardon. Ah, but I have a devil of a temper! I would fight at the drop of a hat—possibly, sir, I would jar the hand that held the hat. It's my southern breeding, I suppose; my southern breeding, backed by long years of slaughter in our late war."

I am trying to outgrow my temper, but success comes very slowly. Some ancient philosopher said that every man has a wolf imprisoned in his breast. I believe that, Herbert, and I am trying to strangle my own particular wolf. It was the wolf that hurled scorching words at that copy book and tore it from the wall, sir; not Keever—no, no, not Keever. But—"and the Colonel brought his right fist down in his left palm—"the wolf is going to have the upper hand until I square accounts with this man Dingle."

"I wouldn't do anything rash, Colonel," ventured Guy.

"Rash? Gad! What would you do if a man struck you twice across the face with his hat?"

"Knock him down," said Guy, promptly.

"Precisely, and that's what any man with an ordinary temper would do. But that would only be a half-way measure with me. I presume you noticed that I did not knock Dingle down?"

"I did," was the dry response.

"I restrained myself, held myself in check in order that I might take a more terrible vengeance. Herbert, I am going to have Dingle's life!"

"You certainly are not—"

"There, there! Don't try to argue with me, for it is useless, utterly useless. I have made up my mind. Let me assure you that I am no stranger to the field of honor. At one time, sir, the code duello was my vade mecum. I counted that day lost, Herbert, which passed without my calling some one out."

The Colonel pulled the brim of his white "top" hat firmly down over his brow. In his estimation a stiff white hat was the acme of gentility, the crown and symbol of a gentleman. A stiff white hat, moreover, throws about its wearer a political glamour, which was something not to be ignored by the editor of that justly celebrated sheet, the Concord Blizzard. The Colonel not only pulled down the brim of his hat, but he buttoned the two lower buttons of his frock coat across his capacious stomach, rested one elbow on the top of his desk and swung his cane—swung it slowly and relentlessly. His manner plainly stating that threats, prayers and entreaties would alike be powerless to swerve him, Guy thought best not to make another attempt.

In a little while the Colonel ceased swinging his cane long enough to indicate with the point of it a letter which lay open on the top of his desk.

"Read that, Herbert," he said; "by gad, you read that."

Guy cast his eyes down and read the following:

"Archibald Keever, Colonel so-called—Sir: I have been appointed a committee of one to rid this territory of your baneful presence. You have cumbered the earth too long, and I shall be pleased to offer you a proof of my distinguished regard with a six-shooter at 20 paces, time and place to be designated by you. My only stipulation is that the place selected be equidistant from Concord and Harmony. Reply by post. If you do not meet me, I shall make it my pleasant duty to publicly chastise you and denounce you as the arrant braggart that you are."

"ISAAC DINGLE."

"That certainly has a business-like sound," commented Guy.

The Colonel laughed tragically.

"Colonel, so-called!" he sneered.

"By gad, I didn't have to move west, like Dingle, to get a title. I won it on the field of battle, sir, spilling my blood for my country. He asks for an affectionate exchange of pow-

der and ball and I shall give him a heartfelt token of my esteem at the distance specified. Herbert, I want you for my second."

Guy shook his head. The cane stopped swinging with a jerk and a hard, hard look came into the Colonel's eyes.

"Do I understand you to say, sir, that you will not accommodate me?"

"I don't believe in duels, Colonel. Nature has endowed every gentleman with a pair of fists. If these weapons are powerless to protect his honor, his honor is hardly worth bothering about."

The pith of this remark escaped the Colonel entirely.

"I am not only protecting my own honor, Herbert," he said coldly, "but the honor of our town as well. Your 1,200 lots share in the general ignominy, and it is your duty to stand by me in this little affair. Do I still understand you to say that you won't?"

"You do. I want a fair and square fight for the county seat and I don't approve of any coarse or gratuitous flings like that of the weathervane. Claptrap of that kind merely intensifies the hostile feeling which is already too bitter and venomous. It is only a step from our present situation to warfare and bloodshed. I was in grave peril, last night—"

"I was going to ask you about that," broke in the Colonel, curiosity for the

moment overcoming his resentment. "You succeeded in getting in?"

"Yes; and I succeeded in getting out again and saving myself a rough experience only through the magnanimity of Mr. Vlandingham."

"Vlandingham is a knave, sir!"

"Mr. Vlandingham is a gentleman, Col. Keever!"

"He couldn't come of the stock he does and be a gentleman."

"Rot!" exclaimed Guy disgustedly. "We won't quarrel, Herbert; it won't do for us to quarrel. Did you discover anything at the meeting?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

At that moment the office door opened and a man who looked like a day laborer came into the room. He had a shifty eye, and unrazored face and wore a red and sweat-stained shirt. His hands were big and seamed with toil.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the Colonel.

"My name's Hepburn," replied the man, rolling his eyes from the Colonel to Guy, and then about the room. "Up to yesterday I was workin' on the section at Harmony. But I got fired yesterday mornin'."

"Ah, ha!" returned the Colonel, blinking. Here was a deserter from the enemy, a man with a grievance. "What do you want, Mr. Hepburn?"

"I suppose I can talk before him all right," answered Hepburn, nodding his head in Guy's direction. "He was the chap that got out of Harmony last night by the skin of his teeth."

"Certainly you can talk before him," said the Colonel.

"Is there anyone else to hear us?" Hepburn's gaze continued to travel around the sanctum, and his face became anxious.

"There's no one else to hear us," answered the Colonel impatiently. "Proceed, sir; proceed."

"Well, then I want to sell some information."

"What is it about?" queried the Colonel, warily.

"About Harmony."

"What's it worth?"

"It's worth hundreds to you, mebbey thousands, and mebbey it means the county seat—I don't know. I want \$20 for the information. Got to have money to get to Jintown. Ain't never going back to Harmony no more."

The Colonel laid his cane on top of his desk, removed his hat and placed it carefully beside the cane, and then began to rub his hands.

"What do you say?" asked Hepburn. The Colonel looked toward Guy as though expecting him to foot the bill.

"I say 'No,'" said Guy. "I don't want your information, Mr. Hepburn, and decline to hand over the price of your treachery."

Hepburn appeared startled and the Colonel's jaw dropped spasmodically.

"Are you mad?" spluttered Keever. "Let me tell you, sir, that if you try to run this county seat fight according to any Sunday-school notions we'll be beaten hands down."

"All right," returned Guy cheerfully. "It's not all right, sir," cried the Colonel. "You with your 1,200 lots are not the only man interested. There are others. In behalf of the others—he drew a bill from his pocket and handed it to Hepburn—"I shall pay Mr. Hepburn the price of his treachery, if you please."

"Then look to it that the money doesn't come out of the Townsite fund," warned Guy.

Col. Keever held his head very high and refused to take any notice of these words.

"Go on," said he to Hepburn.

"Well," said Hepburn, casting a nervous glance at Guy, "one of Vlandingham's hired men is a friend of mine, and he told me what I am going to tell you. Cap'n Blue has formed a company of twenty men, which he calls the Harmony Invincibles. They're drilling nearly all the time."

"Is that all?"

"That's only half. The other half is the biggest part of the news. There are two spies in this town. They are at the hotel now disguised as Sisters of Charity. One of them is Vlandingham's daughter and t'other one is a Miss Pinkney."

A cold chill swept along Guy's nerves. Had he known what was coming he would have reached out and choked the section man into silence.

The Colonel let off a roar of delight and grabbed up his hat and cane.

"Are you done, Hepburn?" he cried. "Ain't that enough?" asked the informer, wickedly, his hand on the door knob.

"It'll do, it'll do. Mind you keep this to yourself, man."

"They'd hang me if I ever went back to Harmony and they found it out."

Hepburn departed and the Colonel turned to Guy.

"Young man," said he, severely, "your notions of right and wrong are exaggerated and out of place. But for me those two items of information would never have been delivered. Vlandingham's daughter here at our mercy! Gad, think of that!"

The Colonel started for the door and Guy stepped quickly in front of him.

"What do you intend to do about it?" asked Guy, quietly.

"Do?" blustered the Colonel. "Why, I'm going to have Pettibone, the sheriff, arrest 'em both. We'll hold 'em as hostages. Vlandingham will have to bargain with us for their release, by gad! We'll make it cost him the county seat!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Guy, a glint of steel coming into his eyes.

"What's this?" cried the Colonel. "By the eternal, it looks as though you are playing into the hands of the enemy and that we have three traitors in camp instead of two."

"It's immaterial how it looks to you. I will deal with these ladies at the hotel."

"No, by gad! Stand aside! Stand aside, I say, or I'll brain you!"

The Colonel caught his cane by the

lower end and flourished the heavy hands above Guy's head. Quick as a flash the young man caught the stick, jerked it from the Colonel's grasp and flung it into a corner; then he grabbed the Colonel by both shoulders and pinned him against the partition.

"Attempt to arrest those young ladies, or say a word about their being in this town," he muttered, fiercely, "and I'll see that you have cause to regret it. I'll take care of them."

After giving the Colonel a final bump against the partition he released him and dashed from the office.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about 11 o'clock when Guy left the Colonel's office. He did not go to the hotel immediately, but hastened first across the street to the Nvery stable. A big strapping fellow came out and advanced toward him from the shadowy regions between the stalls. Guy was surprised, for in spite of the big fellow's turned-up coat collar and continued attempts to keep his face averted, he recognized him as Barney.

Guy had not much time to waste in useless expressions of astonishment or in any other extended chain of thought. He immediately connected Barney with that note of which he had been the bearer, and which was written on the back of a sheet of newspaper copy. The next instant he recalled Vlandingham's words about Barney's inability to read writing. If this were true, Barney certainly could not have been the author of that note. Possibly there were four spies in camp instead of two. Was the fourth man Sampson?

"Well, Barney," said Guy, cynically, "we meet again."

"You've got the best o' me," answered Barney, staring blankly at Guy.

"Don't try to play the innocent," went on Guy, drawing closer to the stableman and speaking in a low and hurried tone. "I know you're a Harmony man, but I give you my word that I won't say anything about it, providing you stop your spying operations from this on. Just now I want you to help me. Miss Vlandingham and Miss Pinkney are here in town disguised as Sisters of Charity. Col. Keever has found it out and I want to get them started back to Harmony before any harm befalls them. Put your best team to a double-seated carriage in the shortest possible order and drive to the hotel."

[To Be Continued.]

CASH ON THE NAIL.

How for the Lack of \$200 a South American Republic Was Thrown Into Bankruptcy.

"I happened to get caught in one of the revolutions of the South American states," said a Boston mining engineer, according to a local exchange, "and within two hours of the outbreak I had been sentenced to be shot. The president was no friend of mine, and he was in a hurry to get me under ground."

"At midnight I was marched out under guard, and as we came to the place of execution I said to the lieutenant in charge of the party:

"Look here, old boy. I have \$200 in gold hidden away."

"Is it possible?" he gasped.

"If you shoot me, it will never be found."

"Of course not, but if I spare you the money is mine and you disappear as quickly as possible. Great heavens, what luck!"

"And you'll take the money and turn me loose?"

"You bet! Why \$200 would buy your life four times over. Cast him loose, boys. Now, senior, where is the gold? Bless my heart, what a president we have got! He was going to have a man shot who could give up \$200!"

"Thirty days later when the revolution had failed and the late president was again a nobody, I met him one day, and he threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"Alas, senior, what a trick you played me! For the want of the \$200 you said nothing about, our cause has failed and our country is for ever ruined."

Bring Your Own Ability.

If one brings the ability, the world will provide the opportunity. Sooner or later, if we go the right way about it, the world gives us a fair rate of exchange for ourselves. But, of course, much depends on how we place our goods on the market. Gifts in themselves are not enough. We must know how to manage our gifts. More than half of success lies in the proper management of our gifts. The gifts are hardly more important. Of course, there are people who expect success, without gifts, or work, or anything; idle malcontents, who seem to think the world is in debt to them for honoring it with their presence, thriftless camp followers in the battle of life; a strange race of men and women, at whom one can only look with curious wonder.—Success.

Back Talk.

Mr. Spatz—It's not polite to yawn in the presence of company the way you did.

Mrs. Spatz—I know that, but I put my hand to my mouth and—

"That's not sufficient. You should use something that would completely conceal your mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

A Pair of Guesses.

"Do you love me still?" asked the wife.

"I do, indeed," replied the husband. Then she thought and he thought and she wondered if he meant it as she understood it and he wondered if she understood it as he meant it.—Chicago Daily News.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

Review of the Work Accomplished at This Session.

Notably Among the Acts Is the Isthmian Canal Bill, Which Consummates the Efforts of Half a Century.

Washington, June 30.—The work of congress is now practically closed, so that it is possible to sum up the record of what has been accomplished during the past seven months, which constitute the first session of the 57th congress. The session has been marked by exceptional business activity, with many questions of far-reaching general interest engaging attention. With the exception of the Cuban reciprocity bill most of the larger subjects of general legislation have been enacted as laws or will become such before the session closes. Notable among these larger measures is the isthmian canal bill, which consummates the efforts of a half century to link together the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. This bill probably involves a larger sum of money than that covering any other single undertaking by the government outside of war expenditures. The Philippine civil government bill is another measure of far-reaching importance, extending to our remote Pacific possessions a system of internal government, together with coinage, currency, banking, corporation, timber and homestead laws. Among the other important laws enacted are those repealing the war revenue taxes, extending and making more effective the Chinese exclusion laws; establishing a tariff for goods to and from the Philippines; extending the charter of national banks for 20 years; establishing a permanent census office; restricting the sale of oleomargarine by placing a high tax on imitation butter; providing a consular and diplomatic service for Cuba; establishing an extensive system by which government will aid in the irrigation of the arid and uncultivated lands of the west.

The repeal of the war revenue taxes is reduced taxation \$73,250,000. The reduction said to be the largest single country. of taxation ever made in the country. By this step the last of our war taxes at the beginning of our war posed at the beginning of our war.

The Philippines has been imposed 75 per cent of the Dingley tariff rates on articles coming from the Philippines. The United States, and a Philippines on articles entering the rates of from the United States the Philippine duties established by the Philippine commission.

The irrigation act is of special importance to the development of the west. It carries an irrigation fund in the treasury department into which is to be paid the proceeds of the sales of public lands in the arid states. This fund in turn is to be used in storing water and establishing irrigation systems, the irrigation sections to be open to homesteaders, who are to be charged by a proportionate share of the cost of the improvement.

The Chinese exclusion law continues the exclusion "until otherwise provided by law," and also applies the exclusion "to the island territory under the jurisdiction of the United States."

Aside from these important laws there are a number of other measures of general importance which have passed one or both houses but have not progressed to the final stage. These include the anti-anarchy legislation which grew out of the assassination of President McKinley. Bills restricting anarchy and throwing safeguards about the president have passed both branches of congress, but it has been impossible to reach an agreement in conference, so that the subject goes over until next December.

A bill giving statehood to Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, known as the omnibus statehood bill, passed the house and the senate has determined to take up the matter early in the next session.

JESSE JAMES' BODY.

The Remains Disinterred and Reburied in the Cemetery at Kearney, Mo.

Kansas City, Mo., June 30.—Jesse James' body, which has been buried for 20 years in the door yard of the old James homestead, near Excelsior Springs, Mo., was disinterred Sunday and buried in the cemetery at Kearney, Mo., beside the body of his father and wife. Mrs. Zerida Samuels, mother of Jesse James; Frank James, his brother, and Jesse and Mary, his son and daughter, attended the ceremony. A funeral service was held, and the pallbearers were comrades of Jesse James when all were members of Quantrell's band. When the skeleton of his father was dug up Jesse James, jr., picked up the skull and pointed out the hole made by the bullet from Bob Ford's pistol.

Engagement in Morong Province. Manila, June 30.—A detachment of United States marines and a force of native constabulary have had an engagement with a large body of Ladrones in Morong province, Luzon. One marine and seven Ladrones were killed.

Eight Inches of Snow.

Denver, Col., June 30.—The storm damage in Denver and vicinity is estimated all the way from \$10,000 to \$50,000. Snow fell to the depth of eight inches in Leadville and many other places in the mountains.

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